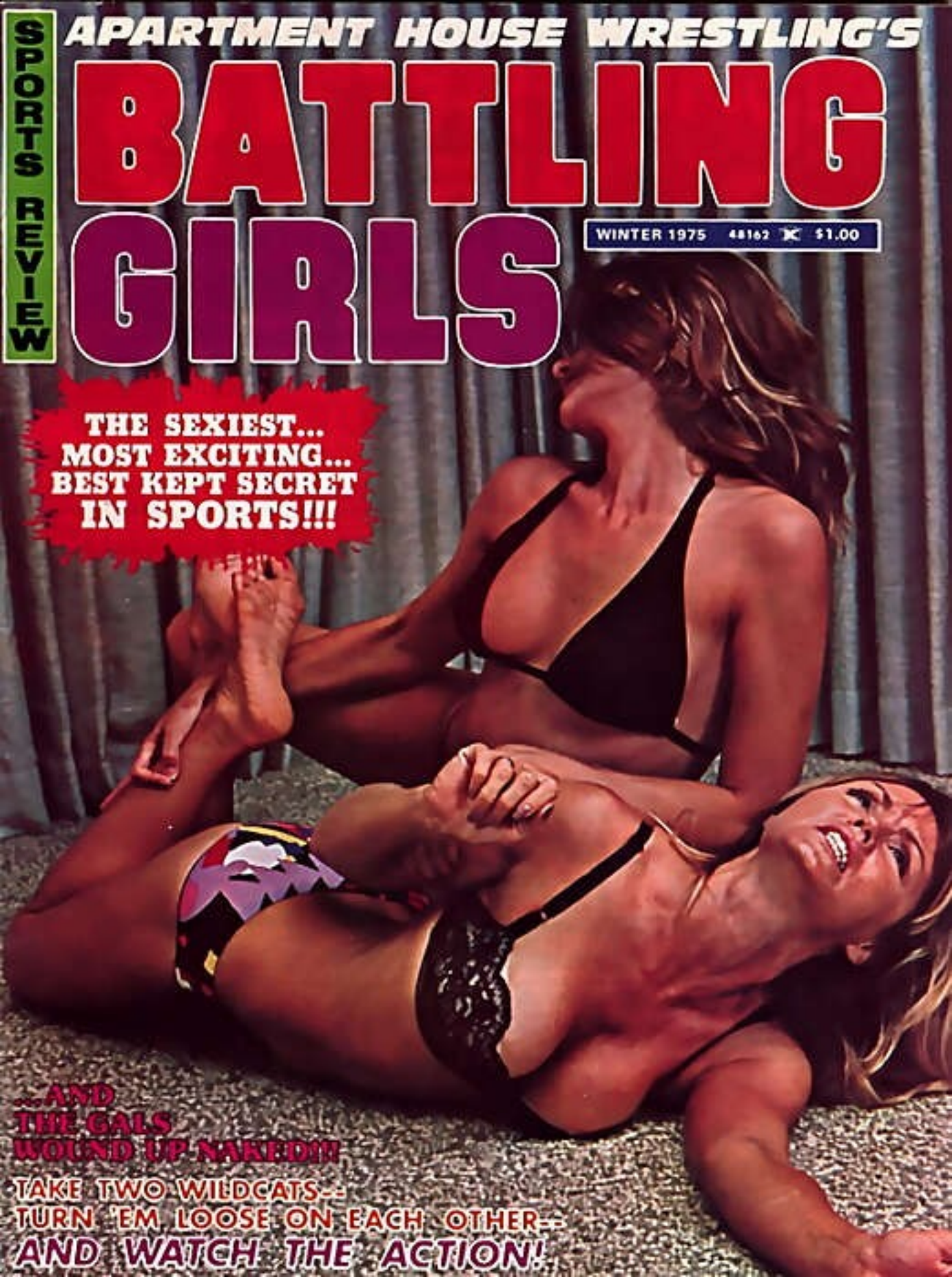
SPORTS REVIEW
APARTMENT HOUSE WRESTLING'S
BATTLING GIRLS
WINTER 1975 48162 $1.00
THE SEXIEST... MOST EXCITING... BEST KEPT SECRET IN SPORTS!!!
...AND THE GALS WOUND UP NAKED!!!
TAKE TWO WILDCATS--
TURN 'EM LOOSE ON EACH OTHER--
AND WATCH THE ACTION!

# SPECTATOR

(Continued from Page 6)

*Left: Tara uses all her strength to twist Salome's voluptuous body to the carpet. Above left: As Salome prepares to crack her fist across Tara's face, the long-tressed beauty yanks down her foe's halter. Above right: Bare-breasted, the two enraged wildcats try to tear off the rest of their clothes. Below: Their bikinis are no longer covering the areas of the body for which they were first intended as Tara angrily chokes an agonized, helpless Salome.*

Their bodies tensed to two taut visions of power as they pitted strength against strength. Limbs were cruelly twisted and nails disfigured beautiful flesh. Undaunted by pain, the two girls continued to push each other to the limit of physical endurance.

As they twisted and rolled across the carpet, Martin felt himself compelled to wander closer to get a better view. The combatants paid him no heed as they clutched at each other, trying desperately to gain some advantage.

Then, Tara found herself captured from behind by Salome. The long-haired beauty's magnificent legs strained as she tried to force herself free. Those lithe limbs spread wide apart and extended to their full length. Every spectator was awed by their promised capabilities—Harold Martin most of all.

Martin got uncertainly to his feet and almost stood over the girls as they continued to struggle. Tara turned quickly and forced Salome to release her grasp. The girls grabbed at each other furiously and halter straps were pulled down and broken. Before anyone realized what had happened, the girls breasts were revealed for all to see.

Within an instant, long fingernails were tearing the flesh from the hips as the girls pulled down the bikini bottoms—more intent on immobilizing the legs than humiliation. However, instead of remaining around the knees as hoped, the panties fell to the carpet, leaving both girls totally nude.

The women were too intent on grappling to care about modesty, though Harold couldn't have been more impressed. Their magnificent bodies standing taught and proud, glistening sweat highlighting the sensual curves, drove Martin past all considerations of decorum. He got up and wandered as close as he

(Continued on page 10)

# SPECTATOR

(Continued from Page 6)

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# SPECTATOR

*(Continued from Page 8)*

*Left: Confident she can take down Salome and win the match, Tara grabs her foe's arms as she smiles at the hope of victory. Salome twisted free only seconds later. Above: Totally nude but still just thinking about victory, their lush bodies entwine as their fingers and nails go for face and throat.*

# FEMALE BOXING—
# *THE NEXT N*

# EW CRAZE?

**Dave Moll, originator and genius behind apartment house wrestling, is constantly searching for new spectacles in women's combat**

*Left: Pia's head snaps back from a hard right cross from her powerful foe, Tomiko, late in their wild bout. The two beauties proved their abilities are as extraordinary as their exquisite features. Below: Pia's longer reach proves an advantage as she lands a straight left to the side of Tomiko's head in early action.*

THE APARTMENT HOUSE wrestling coterie was uncomfortably out of place in the gymnasium. Used to the poshest penthouse apartments for their entertainment, the group found the tastefully decorated gym a bit shabby. Slumming was an adventure all of them would happily forego.

However, they had come to witness what apartment house wrestling founder Dave Moll promised them would be an extraordinary event. And these men have learned that if Moll says there is something to see in the black hole of Calcutta, jump right in.

Champagne coolers surrounded the ring. The men poured themselves glasses of bubbly as they sat on wooden chairs already set up for them. Used to plush leather couches, they agreed that Moll would have to outdo himself to compensate for such wretched surroundings.

Moll sensed what his friends were thinking as he stepped into the ring. His grin revealed that he didn't expect anyone to be disappointed. As usual, Dave was right.

"Gentlemen," he announced, "I admire your strength of character to subject yourselves to such outlandish conditions. However, the young ladies about to thrill you insist on performing within a regulation ring. They seem to be concerned with ritual—even modern ritual.

"The two Oriental beauties about to battle for you are boxers—sort of pulchritudinous pugilists. They are quite accomplished and enjoyable to watch. Some of the more serious among us may even forget they're

*(Continued on page 18)*

# FEMALE BOXING

(Continued from Page 15)

*Tomiko sends a hard right uppercut to her taller foe's mid-section. The punch almost doubles Pia over (left). That is all Tomiko needs to see and she repeatedly hits her opponent's solar plexus (right). Both girls revealed themselves to be cunning and cruel boxers. No mercy was shown by either girl anytime.*

*Pia's body becomes a whirlwind of power and savagery as she repeatedly pounds her fists into the reeling body of her stunned foe, Tomiko (below).*

beautiful women and simply concentrate on their expertise—though I wouldn't count on it. Their beauty is unforgettable.

"So drink hearty, gentlemen, at least enough so all but the ladies will grow fuzzy. And I'm sure you're about to see something whose memory will excite your senses forever."

Moll beckoned with his hand and the two ladies strode toward the ring. At first glance, the pair looked too frail for any physical combat. Yet even their walk revealed perfect coordination. And a look at their beautiful almond eyes showed that these were far from the diminutive girls one would expect.

Like panthers pacing their cages, the girls traveled across the canvas. The combination of defenseless fragility and power was intoxicating. With the help of the champagne, the men forgot their displeasure at the surroundings and waited with excitement for the battle to begin.

The girls went to opposite corners and stood like statues until a bell's sound broke the silence. Cautiously, they approached one another. Both attempted boxers' stances and warily stalked each other. For the first round neither girl did anything more than lightly jab her opponent.

In the second round the girls showed they had separate personalities. The shorter woman, dressed in a black and white bikini, showed herself willing to be a scrapper as she waded in, throwing leather. The taller girl backed off, protecting herself from the explosive attack.

Between the second the third rounds Moll told the men the girls' names. The one who began her attack was Tomiko. The taller girl was Pia. This allowed the men to shout their encouragement to the beautiful boxers.

In the third round Pia allowed Tomiko to again charge. This time, however, Pia's longer reach allowed her to connect with a straight left, sending her foe spinning. Like a tigress, she then leaped at her stricken foe, raining blows upon smaller girl's face and breasts.

However, the smaller girl would remain on her feet throughout the round. And in the next round she turned the bout around.

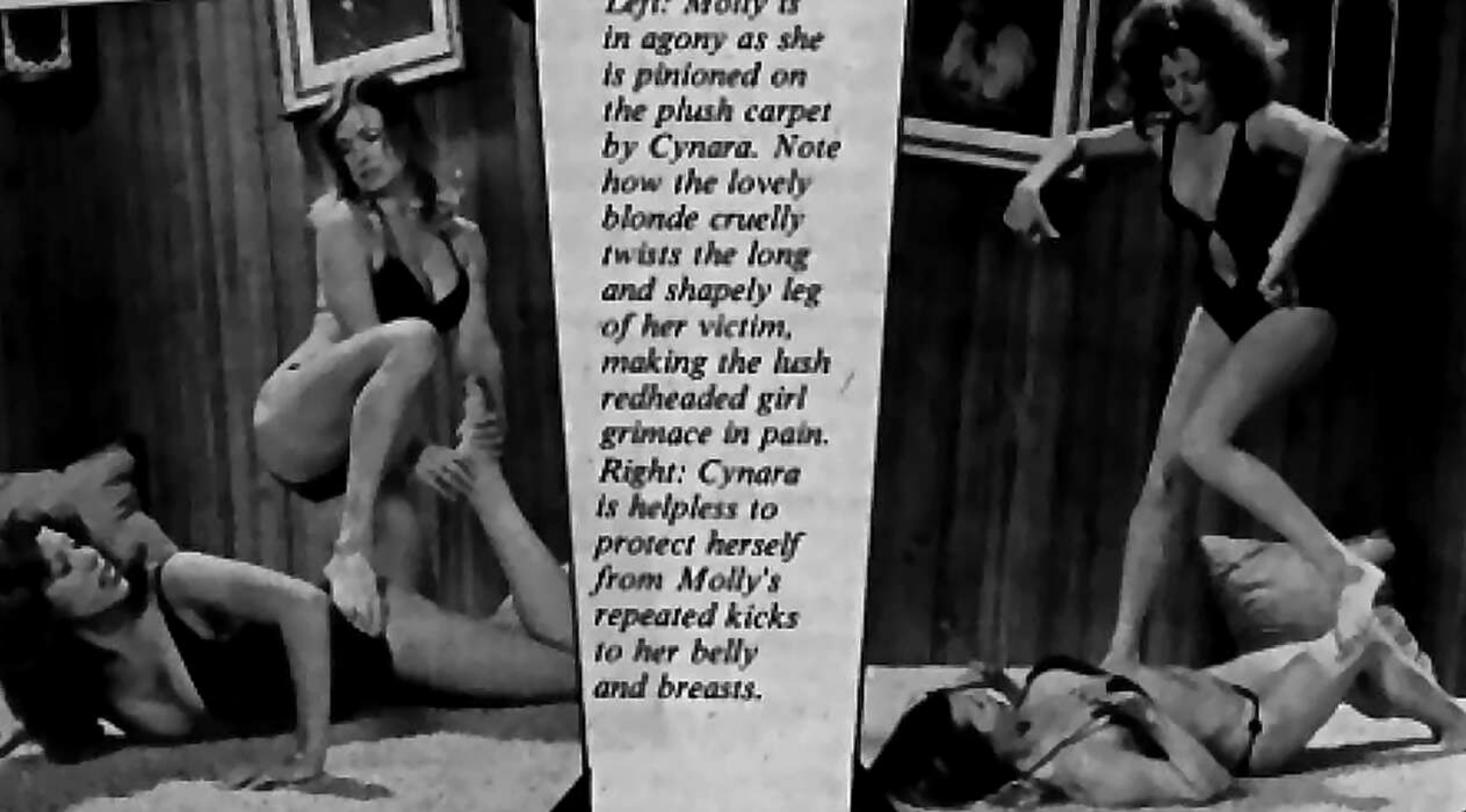
At the ringing of the bell signifying the fourth round, Tomiko began carefully. She feinted with a left and then caught her foe with a sharp right uppercut. Pia's beautiful hair whirled around as her head snapped back. Stunned, she stumbled backward. For the next two minutes, she weaved around the ring, trying desperately to avoid her tormentor.

She managed to last the round. Within a minute of that round, Pia's hands lay helplessly by her side as Tomiko battered away. Pia's almond shaped eyes grew glassy and her legs lost their strength. The bout was stopped.

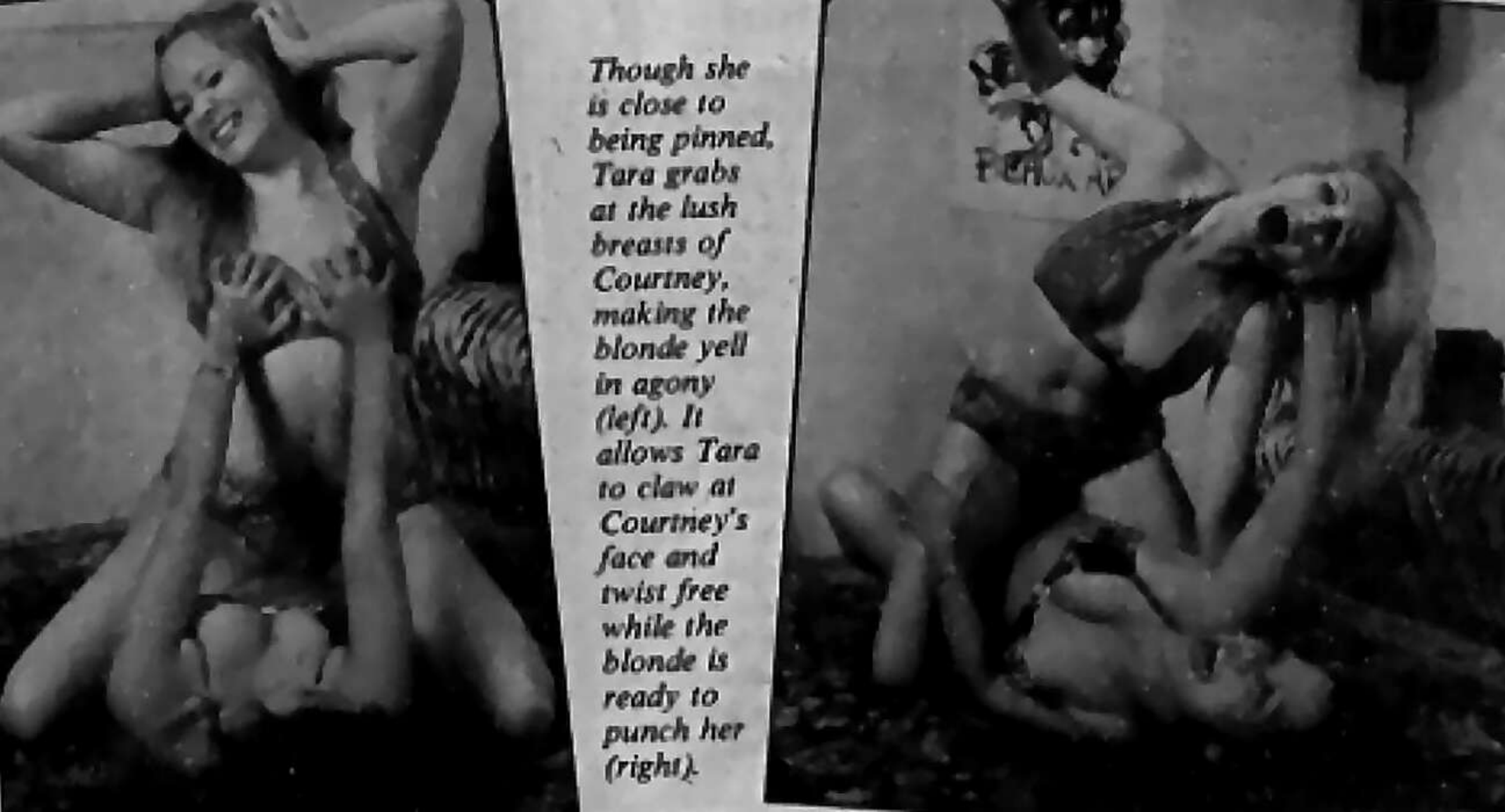
The men cheered wildly and stayed long enough to finish their champagne, the grumbling about their surroundings had disappeared as they discussed the thrilling exhibition they had witnessed. Females boxing could catch on as quickly as apartment house wrestling! □

*Tomiko sends a hard right uppercut to her taller foe's mid-section. The punch almost doubles Pia over (left). That is all Tomiko needs to see and she repeatedly hits her opponent's solar plexus (right). Both girls revealed themselves to be cunning and cruel boxers. No mercy was shown by either girl anytime.*

*Left: Cynara gasps in agony as Molly drives her elbow into the blonde beauty's solar plexus in a bout which Los Angeles is still talking about! Above: Grabbing Tara's hair, Courtney exposes her foe's lovely neck—and tries to bite the soft flesh!*



*Left: Molly is in agony as she is pinioned on the plush carpet by Cynara. Note how the lovely blonde cruelly twists the long and shapely leg of her victim, making the lush redheaded girl grimace in pain. Right: Cynara is helpless to protect herself from Molly's repeated kicks to her belly and breasts.*



*Though she is close to being pinned, Tara grabs at the lush breasts of Courtney, making the blonde yell in agony (left). It allows Tara to claw at Courtney's face and twist free while the blonde is ready to punch her (right).*

*At times Courtney has the bout in her control (left) and other times it's Tara turn (above).*

# T HOUSE
# HOTO ALBUM

*Though she is close to being pinned, Tara grabs at the lush breasts of Courtney, making the blonde yell in agony (left). It allows Tara to claw at Courtney's face and twist free while the blonde is ready to punch her (right).*

*Left: Valerie slams her foot down on Gloria's head as she pinions the brunette upon the carpet. No one there will ever forget Gloria's gutteral moans of pain and frustration. Below: Valerie tries to crush her lovely foe's skull with a headlock as she twists Gloria down.*

*Judy and Janet sprawl across the floor (below), their bodies entwined in savage fury. Notice the look of torment which distorts Judy's beautiful face. Janet refuses to show mercy for her fallen enemy.*

*Above: Anne is caught on the floor as Janet grabs at her throat. Left: Judy leaps on Janet's back and rains a tattoo of blows on her victim's head. Below left: Anne speads wide Janet's long legs. Below right: Anne slams her fist into Janet's face!*

THE GRAYING BUT still handsome executive stared at the two beautiful women sitting across from his desk. The voluptuous blonde and brunette had almost identical credentials for an executive secretary position which paid $20,000 a year. There seemed no fair way to decide which should be hired. Then the gentleman had an inspiration.

"Even after meeting you two," the executive said slowly and warmly, "I can't decide who is best suited for this lucrative job. Since two young ladies living alone in New York City must be worldly, to say the least, are either of you familiar with apartment house wrestling?"

Both women nodded. The executive scrutinized their expressions for some telltale sign. Neither

*Left: Kathy rakes her long nails across Eloise's forehead as the brunette twists in pain. Above left: Kathy rocks back and almost breaks Eloise's back. Above: Kathy cruelly kicks Eloise in the breast! Right: Eloise traps her lovely blonde victim.*

# THE APARTMEN

# $20,0

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face betrayed a hint of emotion.

"I'm sure you've already guessed what I'm about to propose. The question can be settled to my very great satisfaction in an apartment house wrestling match."

The executive then lit a Jamaican cigar. As the flame flared in front of the expensive cheroot, the women's faces were examined. Again, blank expressions greeted the man's intent gaze.

"As you are already aware, the match will take place in a plush penthouse in front of New York's most respected businessmen. Your every comfort will be considered before and after the match. The winner of this match will get the job. The loser will gain a prominent position in our personnel files. Unfortunately, I can't foresee another position opening in the near future."

The executive took a long, luxurious drag on his cigar. He let what had been said sink in. Still, neither woman betrayed the slightest emotion. He grew more inwardly excited at the prospect of these two young ladies tearing furiously at each other.

"As I'm sure you've also already guessed, if both of you refuse, I choose someone else for the position and both of your files are unfortunately misplaced. Would you like to think it over?"

Neither woman said anything immediately. The blonde clenched her fists so tightly the knuckles turned white.

*Left: Eloise tries to twist away from Kathy's pounding fist and uncontrolled fury! Above: Kathy's fingers tear into the mouth of her brunette victim and tear the soft flesh inside her cheek. Eloise feels the warm blood fill her mouth from ripping nails. Right: Eloise yanks Kathy's neck up and back, making the blonde beauty scream in agony from the savage attack! The girls grew more and more wild as the battle progressed!*

**Two women battle it out. At stake is a job worth $20,000 a year!**

# HOUSE WRESTLING MATCH WITH
# 00 AT STAKE!

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Staring down at the floor, the brunette said firmly, "I want the job. It's hard to amuse yourself on an unemployment check."

Staring straight ahead, although seeming to focus on nothing, the blonde replied, "Where and when is the match?"

"You'll both be told," the executive replied calmly, though he could feel his palms begin to sweat. For that reason, he failed to shake their hands when they left.

Dave Moll, the organizer and guiding light for apartment house wrestling, was delighted with the premise of the match. It took less than five minutes for a leading architect to agree to allow his penthouse to be used for the match. Only the most wealthy and reknowned of the apartment house wrestling regular spectators were invited.

A leading New York documentary filmmaker had to be regretfully refused permission to photograph the match for posterity due to the extraordinary conditions. Only one still photographer from our magazine was permitted to make any photos of the battle.

The night of the match saw the spacious apartment close to overflowing with champagne drinking spectators. Everyone found time to congratulate the executive for his brilliant hiring methods. One professor jokingly wondered whether or not he could get two coeds to wrestle for an "A" in his French literature course.

Finally, the two women, Eloise, the brunette and Katherine, the blonde, entered the penthouse living room. Every muscle in their

*Above Left: As her blonde hair is almost yanked from its roots by Eloise, Kathy clenches her teeth, refusing to scream! Above: Eloise grabs her fallen opponent's leg and swiftly lifts it high in the air. Pain shoots through Kathy's muscles! Right: Eloise tries to crumple Kathy in a full nelson.*

*Right: Holding Kathy's head in a vise-like grip, Eloise slams her fist hard into the blonde's beautiful face! Left: As Eloise comes toward her with nails poised to attack, Kathy sends her foot hard into the brunette's mid-section late in the match. Below: Kathy's knee comes up hard and fast into the small of Eloise's back, snapping the brunette's body into a terrifyingly beautiful picture of pain. By this time, both girls has shed all sophistication and had become brawling savages!*

voluptuous bodies strained with tension. For the first time since they had met weeks ago in the office, their eyes locked. Cold determination flashed between them. $20,000 is a lot of money.

The executive, who had seen them in tailored suits, could only guess at their sumptuous figures. The bikinis revealed beauty he had not hoped to anticipate. Either way, he figured with a confident grin, the winner would quickly become his favorite employee. Perhaps another job for the loser could be found. At a smaller salary, of course.

The women's desire to finish the match quickly made for a furious beginning. They clutched immediately, Eloise sending a hard right into Katherine's face. The blonde's head snapped back. Her tongue tasted blood along her full bottom lip. Eloise tried to smash her again, but Kathy pushed hard against her knee, twisting the statuesque brunette away.

Kathy drove her head deep into Eloise's midsection, slamming her brunette opponent hard against the wall. Eloise smacked flat against an expensive painting, but the architect couldn't care less. He was far too engrossed in Eloise sticking her knee into Kathy's chin, sending the blonde careening across the penthouse.

Kathy fell to her knees and Eloise sprung upon her. Kathy's head wrenched back as Eloise grabbed her blonde hair. Kathy's body strained backwards. Her figure remained magnificent even in agony. But the blonde's mind still worked. Her hand shot up to grab

*(Continued on page 50)*

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# APARTMENT HOU
# FIRST CH

*With a championship at stake, the girls throw away the rules and tear into each other. How much pain their opponent is in is their measure of success.*

**The two best apartment house wrestlers in the country met on neutral turf to decide the championship. When the battle was over, no one who had witnessed it would ever be the same again**

*With a championship at stake, the girls throw away the rules and tear into each other. How much pain their opponent is in is their measure of success.*

# ITLE

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# SE WRESTLING GETS ITS AMPION !!!

## AND YOU'RE RIGHT THERE FOR THE TITLE MATCH !!!

A TEMPESTUOUS BLONDE spitfire named Cynara has won the United States Apartment House Wrestling Championship!!!

Cynara has been thrilling apartment house wrestling fans in Los Angeles for more than two years. Her stunning beauty grows richer and deeper when she allows her animal ferocity to rage unchecked. When Cynara wrestles, the apartment overflows with spectators. Some have even bribed those with seats up close for sums up to $50 to see this woman tear into an opponent.

SPORTS REVIEW WRESTLING was notified of an elimination tournament, the winner to meet the best apartment house wrestler of New York. Few were surprised when Cynara emerged victorious. She had already become a legend amongst the L.A. sophisticates.

New York's elimination tourna-

*Denise does her best to rip Cynara's leg muscles by savagely twisting the ankle (bottom) and thigh (right). Cynara's body is agonizingly twisted by the holds but the pain only doubles the girl's determination to conquer.*

*Left: Cynara's strong legs are taut with power as she uses a cross-body block to send the charging Denise sailing into the air. Right: With savage glee, Denise leaps into the air to come crashing down onto Cynara's open and vulnerable chest. Below: Cynara grabs the bra string of Denise's bikini to keep her opponent still for a hard right which snaps Denise's head back.*

*Denise tries to clamp a head scissors on her opponent (left) while Cynara tries to arch her way up and beyond reach.*

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*Denise tries to clamp a head scissors on her opponent (left) while Cynara tries to arch her way up and beyond reach.*

ment, the other city in which apartment house wrestling has become the new passion of hip society, took over three months and involved over 40 determined women. New York fans turned the tournament into a kind of festival, with much elaborate celebrating before and after the matches. After many bruising brawls, during some of which serious injuries were inflicted upon the young girls, a scrappy tigress named Denise emerged as New York's finest.

"She isn't very skillful," one New York lawyer admitted, "but she's hell on wheels when she gets near an opponent! She has brute strength and what can only be described as a killer instinct.

"She has a sixth sense concerning her opponent's weaknesses and knows just what to go for. One of her opponents told me, 'I know I'm the better wrestler—but there was no way I could beat her. She does everything awkwardly but it's the exact thing she should do to win. To defeat her, you've got to be perfect. She capitalizes on every mistake. And who's perfect?'"

The night of the championship arrived and fans filled the luxurious mansion. So as no girl would have the advantage of a hometown crowd, the match was held in Chicago. Still, New Yorkers and Angelenos came by car and jet to sit on the beautiful leather couches and watch the match. Many brought champagne and spirits were bubbling over when the two girls entered the ballroom.

There's nothing like two tawny, beautiful women to make a roomful of men respectfully quiet. Cynara and Denise were tense but in the best sense of the word. Their adrenalin was flowing, enabling them to perform with the little extra that separates the great from the classic. Watching the girls clench and unclench their long, powerful fingers, the men knew this match would have been worth traveling from Hong Kong to see.

As each lady was introduced, the apartment filled with the lusty cheers of their partisans. It seemed fairly evenly divided, each girl being equally effective in drawing men more than 1,000 miles to see them.

What the spectators didn't know was the battle plan each girl had devised for this match. Both plans were revealed to those select friends each girl had in her separate room during the tense moments before the match began.

"I'm going to be cunning," Cynara informed intimates. "Jay

*Left: Cynara's strong legs are taut with power as she uses a cross-body block to send the-charging Denise sailing into the air. Right: With savage glee, Denise leaps into the air to come crashing down onto Cynara's open and vulnerable chest. Below: Cynara grabs the bra string of Denise's bikini to keep her opponent still for a hard right which snaps Denise's head back.*

*Denise tries to clamp a head scissors on her opponent (left) while Cynara tries to arch her way up and beyond reach.*

*Cynara digs her nails into Denise's face, while she also twists her victim's neck (left). It is Denise's turn to do the twisting when she bends Cynara's back and chokes her (right).*

*Denise wrenches Cynara's arm behind her back as Cynara contorts in agony (above). Denise forces Cynara to the floor to win her first fall (right).*

back at first. The first few minutes will be strictly defense. I'll tire her body and frustrate her spirit. I'll wait until she's breathing hard and then attack. I'll take the first two falls and win it. As soon as her spirit is broken, Ill tear her apart. It should be simple.

"My legs will fly tonight, lash into her body. The poor kid won't know what hit her. By the time she finds out, I'll be the apartment house wrestling champion!"

Cynara's liquid blue eyes glistened as they silently challenged anyone to contradict her. Only silence followed, for her friends had long ago learned not to cross Cynara when her mind was on the match. She could be verbally as well as physically vicious.

As for Denise, she stated coldly, "I'll hurt her and hurt her quickly. I don't want her to be able to get out for the second fall. I don't care about style. I care about winning.

"I've been Denise the dental assistant long enough. After tonight, I'll be Denise the champion."

So when the two strong-willed, stunning creatures strutted barefoot across the plush carpet, each knew what had to be done. Each was determined to do it.

The match commenced and Denise immediately showed the savage brute strength which made her emerge victorious over the other New York girls. She flew, teeth bared and eyes wild, at Cynara. However, Cynara sidestepped at the very last moment, like a matador avoiding a bull. Denise crashed into the wall and crumpled, seeming dazed, into the carpet.

Cynara leapt at her fallen opponent. Denise showed she too was cunning. She had been playing possum and grabbed the charging Cynara around the waist. Using Cynara's momentum, Denise flipped her over. Cynara, too, learned what it felt like to slam into the wall.

Cynara shook her head to get the cobwebs out and see what could be done. The blonde realized she would have to be more cautious—and more cruel. Her eyes gleemed with cold fury.

Even after the first encounter, the two girls slowly circled each other. After seconds which seemed like days, Denise flew head first into Cynara's stomach.

This time the brunette hit her target squarely. Cynara's grunt upon impact could be heard around the huge room. Cynara desperately tried to hold on to her opponent while she caught her breath but

*(Continued on page 52)*

*Cynara digs her nails into Denise's face, while she also twists her victim's neck (left). It is Denise's turn to do the twisting when she bends Cynara's back and chokes her (right).*

*Denise wrenches Cynara's arm behind her back as Cynara contorts in agony (above). Denise forces Cynara to the floor to win her first fall (right).*

# APARTMENT HOUSE TITLE REMATCH WIND

*Their hands tearing at each other's clothes with angry fury, Cynara and Denise quickly wind up nude (above)! So intense is their hatred, the two girls continue to battle even though stark naked (left)!*

THE AUDIENCE FILED from the apartment as if in a daze. All were silent save for an occasional sigh. To a man, each sported a grin which threatened to spread off his face.

The quiet broke with an advertising executive's comment. "I'm not sure I believe it. But if it didn't happen, it has to be the best fantasy I've had in years!"

Everyone laughed appreciatively, sharing the gentleman's incredulity and wonder. They had just seen the most erotic wrestling display in history. When these sophisticates gathered in the plush Chicago apartment from their homes in New York and Los Angeles, no one dreamed he

# WRESTLING S UP NUDE!!!

## TEMPERS FLARE! CLOTHES TORN TO SHREDS!

*Above: With cruel cunning, Cynara uses her panties to choke Denise. Left: The girls are more intent on stripping each other than protecting their own modesty. Right: Cynara is down but still tears away!*

would witness an event to be fondly remembered for the rest of his life.

Apartment house wrestling had gone nude!

Many disagreed, even after having seen films of the match, exactly what had happened. All acknowledged the men had come to the Windy City for the rematch between champion Cynara and the girl she defeated for the title, Denise. After the first magnificent match, Angelenos and New

**The action was getting out of hand. Finally they started ripping each other's clothes off. Apartment House wrestling had its first nude match. Those who were there will never forget it. And neither will you!**

*Above: With cruel cunning Cynara uses her panties to choke Denise. Left: The girls are more intent on stripping each other than protecting their own modesty. Right: Cynara is down but still tears away!*

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*Cynara tugs on Denise's hair, pulling back the brunette's head and making it a better target for a punch (left). Cynara's fist then slams into Denise's wide open jaw.*

*Cynara tugs on Denise's hair, pulling back the brunette's head and making it a better target for a punch (left). Cynara's fist then slams into Denise's wide open jaw.*

*Above: Cynara contorts Denise's nude body into an agonizingly painful position as she chokes her victim and presses her knee into Denise's chest to make the brunette topple over. Left: Cynara rises to her hands and knees while Denise is trying to keep her prone on the plush carpet.*

Yorkers were more than willing to travel more than 1,000 miles for the rematch.

New Yorkers, who had lost a bundle of money betting on Denise in the first match, were eager to recoup their losses. As for the brunette spitfire, she still seethed with anger over the results of the first battle.

The Los Angeles contingent was eager to double its winnings. As for Cynara, she wished to establish, once and for all, her dominance over this ...the most select of all sports.

All hoped it would equal the girls' first furious encounter, for which even the New Yorkers didn't mind losing small fortunes. These raging athletes knew no limits in their first match. Now each had a reason to make the battle even wilder. Denise had to avenge her pride. Cynara had to protect her championship.

Little did anyone know the two lithe and tawny women would forsake all modesty in their fury.

Excellent French champagne flowed freely as the men waited for the female gladiators' entrance. The conversation hummed softly, creating a quiet buzz of excitement for the awaited moment.

First, from the splendor of one bedroom, emerged Cynara. Blonde hair offset the hardened features of her face. A strong-willed person at all times, Cynara became a ruthless competitor when placed in combat. Any who questioned this savage woman's innate cruelty need only stare at her eyes to dispel any doubts.

Next, Denise strode in from her bedroom. Viewing her tensed, powerful muscles, it became obvious the challenger had trained long and hard for this match. Her perfectly proportioned body made many viewers involuntarily gasp in amazement. Only Cynara seemed unaffected by her opponent's stunning appearance.

Both girls went through light calisthenics to loosen their muscles, all the while staring with hatred at each other. Silently, each girl made a solemn vow not to surrender regardless of the agony. No pain could be worse than the humiliation of defeat.

With quiet dignity, Dave Moll, apartment house wrestling impresario, introduced the girls and thanked everyone for their attendance.

"We are a select group of sportsmen," Moll said in conclusion, "returning to the ancient Greek concept

*Denise struggles to free herself from the fabric Cynara has around her neck, which mercilessly chokes the brunette (left).*

*Their naked bodies are a symphony of magnificently straining muscles as the battle takes them rolling all over the apartment in the effort to beat their nude opponent into total submission and emerge the apartment house wrestling champion once and for all!*

of sport and beauty. I would like to thank both young women for representing what is best in both categories. We are all richer for experiencing the privilege of watching these two magnificent creatures in combat."

The girls did not hear the compliments, so intently were they staring at each other. The nerves of their bodies intermingled across the room, sensing each other's purpose, filling the air with violence.

The instant the match started, the two beauties propelled themselves at each other like snarling tigresses. Like jungle animals, the two collided in the center, tearing at each other with teeth and nails. Their two bodies tumbled as one around the plush apartment carpet.

They broke only to try standard wrestling holds. They trapped each other in armlocks, leglocks, and headlocks. Despite these perfectly executed holds, neither girl could gain an advantage or inflict real pain.

The battle became more savage, more furious, and still no girl could wound the other. Each struggled to catch her breath, snorting as the combat intensified. Eyes flaming, the two continued their unmerciful struggle.

It is impossible, even after a frame by frame study of the match film, to decide which girl first started stripping the other. In a blur of clawing hands, material fell from skin. Cynara's powerful haunches stood suddenly exposed while Denise's breasts burst from the confines of her halter.

Before anyone had fully comprehended the unexpected turn of events, the girls tore at each other's bikinis, the tearing of fabric sounding like explosions in the shocked silence.

At no time did either girl try to recover her lost garment. Both were intent on stripping the other, caring not a moment for modesty. Each was too intent on humiliating her oppo-

*(Continued on page 58)*

*Denise struggles to free herself from the fabric Cynara has around her neck, which mercilessly chokes the brunette (left).*

*Their naked bodies are a symphony of magnificently straining muscles as the battle takes them rolling all over the apartment in the effort to beat their nude opponent into total submission and emerge the apartment house wrestling champion once and for all!*

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each other like snarling tigresses. L
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**on America's fastest growing secret sport!**

*Cruelly twisting the champion Cynara's arm to make her helpless, Denise digs her teeth into Cynara's shoulder during their first match, the bout which decided the first apartment house title contest. Cynara won after a long battle.*

*Apartment house wrestling bouts often wind up with the girls clawing (above left), punching (above), and choking (left). Over and over again, beautiful women prove their savage fury!*

*With wild and reckless abandon, the girls become tensed with anger and slam roundhouse blows at their foes (above and left).*

*New York fans are willing to invest a small fortune in their wrestler, Salome (left). But in her match with Gail, Salome has tough and brutal moments (below)!*

# WHY THIS APARTMENT HOUSE WRESTLER IS WORTH $35,000!

**The New York elite contends a sinuously beautiful brunette named Salome will soon be the next apartment house wrestling champion. And they're willing to pay a small fortune to see it happen**

EACH MAN AT the gathering had two things in common. A loss of several thousand dollars would go unnoticed. And every man was excited as he gazed upon the voluptuous brunette standing lithe and powerful in the center of the den.

The group had come to the penthouse apartment after being summoned by the owner, an advertising artist and veteran

apartment house wrestling fan. The brunette, whom he referred to as Salome, was the woman he had chosen for his revolutionary plan.

"Gentlemen," he said, and then took a sip of expensive Scotch before continuing, "you have all seen Salome wrestle. She is unquestionably the most magnificent creature to ever participate in our exclusive sport. There isn't a girl in New York who is even in her class."

The girl called Salome remained expressionless through these compliments, and betrayed no emotion when her sponsor made his astonishing suggestion.

"For $35,000," the artist declared, "we can mold her into the perfect apartment house wrestler. We will control everything about her. Training, diet, her very existence will be programmed by some of the most knowledgeable people in sports today. She will do nothing without our permission and only after consultation. Her natural abilities, refined by the latest scientific methods, will create the most fabulous creature anyone has ever seen! We will support her. Apartment house wrestling will be her full-time job!

"And need I remind you," he concluded, "how much money we

*Above: Gail moans in agony as the voluptuous brunette writhes on the floor, the helpless victim of Salome's ruthless skill. It is at these times, when another woman is caught by her skill, that Salome is most beautiful!*

*Salome proves she's merciless as well as a superb athlete in her battle against Gail! With absolutely no thought to her opponent's agony, Salome leaps hard onto her prone foe (above), slams her knee into Gail's right hip (left), and almost breaks the hapless girl's arm (right) during the wild battle!*

lost on 'friendly' wagers when that L.A. lady won the championship—twice?"

The New York apartment house wrestling fans winced. Though both matches were awesomely delightful, each time the New York challenger, Denise, had been defeated. Though no one really regretted the losses, as each man could easily afford it, winning is always better than losing, and these men were used to winning.

"So," the artist continued, "for a small investment we can mold this woman into the most perfect apartment house wrestler in the world. And then, we could win our money . . . and honor back. Think of what this championship would mean to our fair city!"

Everyone laughed at the joke, knowing only the most sophisticated and worldly would even hear of the competition. This reporter was invited to cover the meeting in the hopes news of their plot would scare Cynara, striking a psychological blow against the beautiful blonde champion.

"There are 10 of us here," Salome's sponsor said, "making the investment $3,500 per person. I'm sure everyone's accountant will be able to find a way to write it off as a business expense, so there's nothing really to lose. I'll ask Salome to leave the room now, so she won't hear anything that might be said against her as we discuss my proposition."

"Don't bother, Salome," a bank executive declared, "because we're all in favor of the idea—as you knew we would be, Todd."

The artist smiled like a man experienced in getting what he

*(Continued on page 62)*

*Below: Salome tries to force her opponent to the carpet late in the match!*

*Above: Gail grabs Salome's shapely leg and twists the limb mercilessly! Below left: Gail tries tear Salome's top off to humiliate her, but Salome's fist is prepared to strike first! Below right: Salome slams Gail to the wall!*

*Below: Salome tries to force her opponent to the carpet late in the match!*

*Salome's hand grabs for her bikini panties too late as Cynara pulls them down while her left hand cruelly yanks the beautiful brunette's hair. Soon both girls would be nude and the battle would continue with the most erotic ferocity.*

# "CLOTHES OR NO CLOTHES I FIGHT T

THERE IS A unique erotic thrill in watching two beautifully proportioned women wrestling nude. Their bodies move with a sensual fury which can only be suggested beneath bikinis and halters. Most important of all, the women exude an electric excitement when they realize the last vestige of civilized restraint has been eliminated.

Without clothing, women revert to their basic craving for sensation. They are wild, magnificent, jungle beasts, desiring only the satisfaction of ego and seeing their wonder reflected in the gazes of admiring men. The two women fighting and tearing at each other become a celebration of instinctual savagery.

The more accomplished an athlete the women is, the greater the exhibition. And whether they admit it or not, most girls who enjoy wrestling receive an added pleasure when their clothes come falling to the floor. And their added excitement is communicated to the spectator.

Two of the most beautiful and powerful women ever to grace the carpet of penthouses used for apartment house wrestling are the blonde Cynara and the brunette Salome. Both ladies laugh at thoughts of modesty. Neither pretends to be overly upset when an opponent tears off a piece of clothing, exposing portions of their bodies most men would only dream of seeing.

"If you lose during a match in which you've lost your clothes," Cynara

*Her own bikini halter torn, Cynara tears Salome's top off. This left both girls with their voluptuous breasts uncovered. Though the spectators happily notice the difference, these wildcats battle as if nothing of importance had happened.*

explains, "then you're embarrassed. But if you win, you can stand tall and proud, every muscle in your body tensed from combat. You can sense every man in the room wants to worship you, to experience your power for themselves. You're the conqueror. You can feel their admiration and desire filling the air. There's no greater feeling in the world.

"I've got a beautiful body. After a match I've won, it seems the most perfect creation on Earth. And to have it exposed to all these fabulously wealthy and brilliant men at its greatest is the biggest thrill I know.

"The fact of nudity is beside the point. With clothes or without clothes, I wrestle to win. At times, being nude can make the victory that much more delicious."

Salome has always been a solemn woman, rarely speaking unless forced to. Even then, she only makes short pronouncements intended to terrorize her foes. Her comments on wrestling nude are no exception.

"I don't care what happens," she declared before her latest fight against Cynara, "as long as I win. That's all that matters. Being an apartment house wrestler, being the center of attention in front of the most marvelous men alive, is all that matters to me. To be the focus of their desire for even an hour is to know a power beyond all others.

It's a power," she concludes coldly, "I intend to keep."

The fame and beauty of these two women account for the difficulty in being present when they confront each other. It's a sign of status to be invited

*Left: Their two magnificent bodies tense from action, the two nude women engage in a test of power. Below: Salome captures Cynara in a backbreaking hold, stretching the blonde Amazon's magnificent frame to its physical limits, showing what her lithe, muscular body undergoes when in the throes of torturous agony in a savage encounter.*

**When magnificent women lust for glory, no sacrifice is too great!**

# O WIN!"

*Left: Their two magnificent bodies tense from action, the two nude women engage in a test of power. Below: Salome captures Cynara in a backbreaking hold, stretching the blonde Amazon's magnificent frame to its physical limits, showing what her lithe, muscular body undergoes when in the throes of torturous agony in a savage encounter.*

**women lust for**
**s too great!**

**IN!"**

*Above: The girls lock in combat as Cynara's hands tear down Salome's panties, making her totally nude! Left: Salome tears the string off Cynara's halter, revealing the blonde's lush breast. Below: Without a stitch of clothes between them, the girls continue to battle!*

to one of their matches. Each man present has long since been bored with seeing his name in the newspapers.

However, in this plush penthouse, none of the men were the center of attention. The tensions which drive them hourly were forgotten. They were about to witness the most erotic spectator sport in history.

Like a tawny tigress, her fabulous body a rippling study in powerful grace, Cynara was the first to enter the living room. Her splendor made even the most jaded spectator involuntarily gasp for breath. No comparison or description of Cynara entering a room for combat can do her justice. Even the best of poets would be unable to successfully praise the fire which leaps from her eyes. Like a sunset over the Rocky Mountains, Cynara must be experienced to be appreciated.

Whereas Cynara is glorious, Salome is dangerous. She seems to slither into a room, her eyes taking in her opponent as if death rays were shooting from the pupils. Her undeniable beauty goes through some strange change when confronted with her foe. She is no less beautiful, but her loveliness is underlined by a cruelty which is unmistakable. Gazing at Salome, one can sense an empathy with a male black widow spider who knows his death will follow his lust, yet he is unable to resist temptation.

Dave Moll gave the ladies the signal to commence. As if shot from a cannon, the wrestlers leaped at each other, fingers spread wide to catch or scratch. Crashing together, they grunted as contact was made and their entwined bodies fell to the carpet. Kicking and clawing, they formed a blur of wondrous flesh and muscle.

Separating, the girls sprang to their feet. In the battle, the string on Cynara's top had broken, slightly exposing her left breast. Salome's hands flicked out with lightning speed, grabbing the strings and tearing them with a strong yank. Cynara's left breast

*Above: Salome grabs her foe around the throat and twists back the head, agonizingly stretching the alabaster neck.*

was completely exposed and the smug look on Salome's face revealed her further intentions. However, Cynara was determined not be the only bare beauty in this battle.

The beautiful blonde's powerful fingers tore at Salome's top, revealing both of the brunette's voluptuous breasts. That left each girl wearing only panties.

As if by some preordained signal, the girls rushed at each other. Their breasts crushed against each other as they plastered their bodies together, their hands feverishly tearing at the cloth covering the buttocks. When the two beauties separated, each stood proud, magnificent, and totally nude.

The penthouse was silent save for the audible sharp breathing of the spectators. These two lithe, splendid creatures stood still for a moment, sensing the overwhelming pleasure their appearance commanded. Then, again as if by signal, they tore into each other with savage fury.

For a while, neither girl could gain an advantage. While one would manage to send her foe to the carpet, the victim would escape without any damage. The two girls, their magnificent bodies glistening with sweat, continued to battle with ferocity, hoping for the moment of victory.

*Above: Panties no longer cover what they were intended to hide on either girl as the women try to force each other to the carpet. The statuesque and stunning blonde is digging her nails into the soft flesh of Salome's neck! Left: Arms are locked as each woman tries to flip the other.*

*Above: Salome grabs her foe around the throat and twists back the head, agonizingly stretching the alabaster neck.*

was completely exposed and the smug look on Salome's face revealed her further intentions. However, Cynara was determined not be the only bare beauty in this battle.

The beautiful blonde's powerful fingers tore at Salome's top, revealing

*Above: Straddling her opponent, Salome tortures Cynara when she pulls her hair. Left: Cynara breaks free from Salome's choke by digging her long fingernails into the brunette's belly.*

*Left: The two girls tumble to the carpet in a whirl of wild clutching after their clothes have been torn off. Their muscles are taut with energy!*

Finally, it came for Cynara. Perfectly positioning herself, she used her balance and strength to grab the brunette by the shoulders and hurled her to the carpet. Salome fell on her back, momentarily stunned by the fall. Cynara leaped on her opponent, paralyzing her foe with the weight of her body. As the three seconds tolled, signaling the end of th first fall, Cynara's blue eyes bored into her opponent's brown eyes. A lioness must stare that way at a stricken zebra before fangs claw away the flesh from her prey's throat.

The girls were given the option to put on their bikinis but they declined, much to the relief of the spectators. After a minute rest, the girls were eager to rejoin the fray.

To show she was not destroyed by losing a single fall, Salome tore at her foe. Head down, she drove the astonished blonde into the wall, almost knocking an original Pollack watercolor onto the floor. However, everyone's eyes were too intent on the warring beauties to care about preserving modern art.

Cynara fell to the carpet. Salome's legs straddled her foe's back and her hand grabbed a length of the blonde's flowing hair. Salome's body tensed with power as her victim's body tensed with pain. Then, the brunette's free hand grabbed Cynara's neck and twisted the agonized beauty around.

Salome's long fingernails dug into Cynara's throat, making the blonde gasp with pain. Weakened, Cynara flailed harmless punches at her tormentor's belly. Then, her hands grabbed for the fingers encircling her neck. Desperately, marshalling all her strength, Cynara forced the clutching fingers loose.

However, that used all her strength

*Cynara's arms flail wildly as she writhes in agony upon the carpet. Salome digs her nails into Cynara's throat, choking the blonde with merciless and savage power. The tension of combat brings an added animal splendor to both women as their bodies achieve a fluid, lithe magnificence.*

and she was helpless to prevent Salome from falling on her and pinning her to the carpet. Even though Cynara's lithe legs encircled Salome's haunches and tried to twist her foe off, Salome remained on top long enough to secure the second fall. There was one fall left and it would determine the winner.

When the two nude beauties rushed at each other to begin the third fall, it became obvious they realized there were no more chances after this one. This time, any thoughts of wrestling maneuvers were secondary. There were no other considerations except winning.

The fall must have lasted for 15 minutes. The women's breasts and bellies were discolored from bites and punches. Welts from scratches covered their bodies, disfiguring the warmth of their flesh tones with sickly scarlet streaks.

Near the end, the girls' bodies were soaked with sweat and their breath came short and hard. Neither beauty was too sure on her feet nor could either mount a successful attack. Their breasts, once standing out so beautiful and proud, sagged as their shoulders hunched over from exhaustion.

Then, in a last desperate measure, Cynara lashed out with a powerful kick which landed with full force into Salome's groin. The strength the blonde used from the kick was all she had left. It was all she needed.

Salome's large eyes stared wide and unfocused at nothing as she crumpled to the carpet. Cynara, exhausted, stumbled to her fallen foe and fell on top of her. And that's how the two girls lay, sweat mixing as their two nude bodies lay plastered together, motionless and spent.

Cynara had won the match of the nude beauties. It was a battle none of the spectators will ever forget. □

# $20,000 AT STAKE

(Continued from Page 29)

the brunette's hair. Eloise tumbled forward, landing on the top of her head.

Eloise lay stunned on the plush carpet. Her blue eyes afire, Kathy leaped up and smashed her foot hard into Eloise's right breast. The brunette gave a horrible gasping scream. Kathy fell on her beautiful victim and won the first fall.

Eloise was given sufficient time to recover as the spectators toasted the first fall. Now the two hated each other. That, coupled with their lust for the job, promised a most remarkable second fall.

None of the spectators was disappointed. The two women were now hellcats determined to tear each other apart, humiliate the other as well as defeat her. There once expressionless faces were now alive with terrifyingly exciting emotions.

The action exploded and lasted for a long time. It ended only when Kathy could no longer stand the torture of Eloise straddling the tawny blonde's back and twisting her victim's chin as if to split her body in two. Forced to submit, Kathy took her time arising from the carpet.

Neither woman needed to be reminded that what would happen in the next few minutes could mean the difference between $20,000 and an unemployment check. Both knew it was now or never.

Again they erupted with astonishing swiftness. Fists flew. Feet and knees found soft targets with unerring accuracy. Beautiful bodies were twisted into agonizingly grotesque positions. Body strained against body. Cunning strained against cunning.

Slowly, Eloise seemed to lose her strength. Kathy overwhelmed the brunette as she struggled to keep from losing. The blonde had her beautiful but exhausted victim on her knees. Kathy's fingers tore into the brunette's full and sensuous mouth. Long nails tore into soft flesh.

*Above: Kathy's nails dig into Eloise's thigh as the brunette punches her jaw. Below: Kathy cruelly stomps on Eloise's groin as all angry hell breaks loose!*

*Right: Kathy drives her head into her brunette victim's belly, slamming Eloise into an expensive work of art. Being hit from the back and front almost knocked Eloise senseless!*

*The women's bodies are twisted as nails dig and fists fly (above). Neither girl could forget how much money was riding on almost every move she made!*

Astonishingly, the taste of her own blood made Eloise battle back with strength borne of pain. She twisted with a suddenness and caught Kathy off guard. The blonde fell on her back.

Before anyone actually realized what happened, Kathy's legs were spread apart and her ankles held fast in Eloise's fists. Kathy rolled back and forth, desperately trying to escape, afraid to admit what everyone already knew. Eloise had won.

Finally, it was official. The match was over. Neither woman spoke to the other. Her body trembling from sorrow and humiliation, Katherine strode towards the executive and spit in his face.

A stunned silence was followed by spectators' applause and laughter. With a sheepish smile, the executive wiped the spittle off with his embroidered breast pocket handkerchief. Katherine slipped her dress quickly over her head and strutted, head high, from the apartment.

Eloise reported for work the following Monday morning. □

*flips Cynara into the wall. This was the break by which Denise won the first fall. It made Cynara more cautious.*

*Above: Pressing her knee hard into Cynara's groin, Denise coldly watches her victim try to squirm free. Left: Cynara yanks furiously on Denise's hair and digs her nails into Denise's soft flesh. In agony, Denise tries to trip Cynara.*

# FIRST CHAMPION

(Continued from Page 33)

*Left: Denise grabs the charging Cynara and, using her momentum, flips Cynara into the wall. This was the break by which Denise won the first fall. It made Cynara more cautious.*

*Above: Pressing her knee hard into Cynara's groin, Denise coldly watches her victim try to squirm free. Left: Cynara yanks furiously on Denise's hair and digs her nails into Denise's soft flesh. In agony, Denise tries to trip Cynara.*

couldn't do it. She was too weak and Denise smelled the kill too strongly.

Denise grabbed Cynara's leg and began to twist. The blonde tried to muffle her cries, determined not to show weakness under the torture. Though she was silent, her painfully contorted face betrayed her agony.

Denise twisted the leg like she was trying to rip it off—and she was! The brunette was out to cripple her opponent. Finally, when she thought Cynara had more than it is possible to withstand, Denise pinned Cynara, spreading her legs like a wishbone and pinioning her shoulders. After the fall was hers, Denise gave Cynara's leg an ugly twist as a sign of disdain.

In the rest period between falls, Cynara walked around the apartment, trying to drive the pain from her lithe legs. When the second fall began, her cold sneer made her face terrifyingly beautiful. The first fall, and defeat, was behind her.

One look at Cynara's face and the Los Angeles fans were doubling their bets. With Denise only having to win one of the next two falls, New Yorkers were glad to take all bets.

For the second fall, Cynara went in and did what she had to do. Denise, over-confident, charged recklessly at her opponent. Cynara stood her ground. At the last moment, the blonde raised her knee

*Cynara digs her knee into her victim's stomach as she unmercifully twists Denise's arms and legs to win her fall (above).*

and it smacked the surprised brunette in the stomach!

Denise fell to the carpet. This time she was not playing games—the girl was hurt. Cynara was slightly more careful when she attacked and she was far more effective. Like a lioness ready for the kill, she jumped on Denise's back.

Cynara grabbed the brunette's jaw from behind and her powerful fingers painfully mauled the joint. Denise, her courage exceeding her strength, desperately struggled to her feet. But Cynara expertly followed her every movement, never releasing the agonizing hold.

Then, when she felt the brunette's body weaken from the pain, Cynara cruelly hurled her, by her head, high in the air. She came crashing face-first into the carpet!

Cynara then leapt onto the prostrate body, landing squarely on the small of Denise's back. The brunette could offer only token resistance as the blonde turned her over and pinned her. Remembering Denise's post-fall leg twist, Cynara slammed her elbow into the brunette's jaw as she arose from her fallen opponent.

The Los Angeles fans almost broke the glass coffee table tops with their shouts, they were so joyously loud. New York fans, confident in Denise's ability to take advantage of the smallest mistake and go in for the kill, doubled

(Continued on page 54)

# FIRST CHAMPION

(Continued from Page 53)

*Left: Denise digs her teeth into Cynara's shoulder as she tries to twist the arm from its socket. Below: The girls resort to twisting any limb available.*

their betting.

As for Denise, she shook off the punishment she received by sheer will. Both girls were covered with bruises but neither seemed to notice. Victory was in the grasp of each and neither was about to let it slip through her fingers.

The two girls charged at each other like wild animals and the comparison remained valid throughout the fall. The two grabbed at each other and rolled, snarling, across the carpet, their taut bodies trying to overpower the other with brute strength.

All rules were forgotten as both determined girls remembered only one thing—the winner of the fall would be champion and the loser would be the loser.

Nothing else mattered!

The match became a savage display of kicking, biting, hairpulling, and punching. The girls choked each other with a vicious ferocity while their free arm delivered repeated punches. Fans were awed into silence by the display.

As the battle raged, a perfect right cross by Denise made Cynara groggy. As she lay on the carpet, Denise leaped high into the air to come crashing down for the kill. It looked like it was all over.

But by some unconscious instinct, the almost finished Cynara rolled away just as Denise came crashing down. The brunette landed squarely on her knee and gave out with an involuntary scream.

Denise tried to get to her feet but she was hobbling badly. Cynara had already shaken off the pain. She waited like a patient beast of prey as Denise stumbled inexorably toward her.

With one swift motion she grabbed the string of Denise's bikini top with her left hand and pulled the brunette toward her. As Denise fell closer, Cynara slammed a short right cross to her head. Denise reeled from the blow and sank to her knees. A short savage kick to Denise's head had the poor girl on her back.

Cynara slammed her knee into Denise's stomach and held the brunette's shoulders to the carpet. Denise struggled but in vain. The world's first apartment house wrestling champion was Cynara!

When Cynara freed her, Denise angrily stomped to her room to

*Denise grabs anything available in her attempt to get leverage (above). Cynara groans in pain as Denise tries to dislocate her shoulder, which would give her the championship (below).*

change and leave unnoticed. She was fuming in rage and hobbling in pain.

The Los Angeles fans, made much richer, crowded around their champion. Cynara behaved with the cool assurance of a winner.

"This is a great honor," Cynara said later, "and I will defend it well and often. I'll even give Denise another chance to lose. This is the beginning of Queen Cynara's reign as apartment house wrestling champion!"

To which we can only add, "Long live the Queen!" □

*Left: Denise digs her teeth into Cynara's shoulder as she tries to twist the arm from its socket. Below: The girls resort to twisting any limb available.*

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*Denise grabs anything available in her attempt to get leverage (above). Cynara groans in pain as Denise tries to dislocate her shoulder, which would give her the championship (below).*

(Continued from Page 40)

*Tara kicks Courtney (above).*

*Above: Denise tries to twist Cynara into submitting the bout! Below: Modesty is ignored when the two girls are wrestling.*

*Tara kicks Courtney (above), sending the blonde to the plush carpet. Not content, though, Tara chokes her victim (below).*

"There is no more beautiful creature on this earth than Cynara. I almost wish every man could enjoy the special ecstasy she can bring to a relationship. What a woman!"

It took the interviewer nearly a minute to jolt Mr. Moll's thoughts back to the present. Another draught from his ever present brandy glass and Dave was ready.

"Unfortunately, I did not discover Cynara. A west coast associate of mine did, however. And let me tell you, the first time I laid eyes on her, I knew she was something special. And once again I was right!"

Whose idea was it to hold a championship bout?

*Above: Cynara cruelly slams her knee into Denise's left breast, right over the young brunette's heart! As her knee does its work, Cynara snakes her arm around the neck of her victim and chokes. Right: Cynara is doubled over in pain as Denise sinks her teeth into the blonde champion's thigh. Cynara lets out an involuntary scream of torment.*

# APARTMENT REMATCH

(Continued from Page 37)

*Above: Cynara cruelly slams her knee into Denise's left breast, right over the young brunette's heart! As her knee does its work, Cynara snakes her arm around the neck of her victim and chokes. Right: Cynara is doubled over in pain as Denise sinks her teeth into the blonde champion's thigh. Cynara lets out an involuntary scream of torment.*

nent to care about her own dignity.

After the two girls tore away at each other's halters and panties for two minutes, each faced her opponent unashamedly nude. Proud, magnificent chests heaved with gasps of breath. The two stood like Amazon warriors preparing for battle to the death.

Dave Moll attempted to step in and stop the bout but 12 pairs of arms grabbed him.

"Let the girls decide when to stop!" they hissed at Moll. Dave cleverly decided to let things take their course.

The girls never considered stopping. Their faces now masks of hatred, the two adversaries clashed together. Entwined in combat, their nude forms rolled across the carpet, nails flashing, teeth slashing, the only sounds being grunts of pain.

Then, with sudden fury, Cynara lifted her knee hard into Denise's breast. The brunette grunted in agony as she crumpled to the carpet.

Cynara leaped upon the fallen frame and trapped her in a headlock. Denise choked from the pressure but refused to yield. Cynara yanked on Denise's neck and pinned the challenger, finally winning the first fall.

Dave again tried to stop the struggle, or at least have the women replace their garments. With a snarl the naked grapplers told him to mind his own business and begin the next fall. With a smile, Dave announced the match's resumption.

Again the two women flew at each other in a rage. Denise dove at Cynara, sinking her teeth into the blonde champion's thigh. Cynara punched down on the girl's back and neck, trying to force Denise's mouth from its agonizing hold. Finally, a hard right to the brunette's jaw made her release her victim.

Denise sprang to her feet and, in the same motion, lashed her knee into Cynara's unprotected crotch! Denise snarled in satisfaction to see Cynara stumble in blinding pain across the apartment, her eyes trying to hold back the tears.

Smelling victory, her nostrils flaring, Denise tore into her injured opponent. Flying at the weakened blonde, the brunette hurled her to the carpet. Knee first, she fell on the champion, showering a tattoo of punches on Cynara's face. The second fall went to Denise.

(Continued on page 60)

# APARTMENT REMATCH

(Continued from Page 59)

*Denise twists Cynara's arms painfully around the blonde's back, using arms and legs to torture her victim. It takes all of Cynara's strength to break out of the hold and resume her title defense.*

Cynara regained her strength in the one minute rest period and barrelled toward her opponent. With a smile, she grabbed her panty from the floor and slipped it around Denise's neck. With a cruel yank, Denise was hurled across the apartment.

Cynara cackled coldly as her opponent stumbled grotesquely around the room. Denise's beauty and grace were horribly mocked by the clumsy stumblings of the naked grappler.

Finally, Cynara tired of her sadistic sport. Giving the panty a mighty pull, she drove Denise into the wall. The brunette crashed into the barrier and reeled away from the collision.

However, she was far from beaten. Denise again ran at her opponent, who was all too willing to continue the contest. Again the two girls rolled around the carpet, using any means available to punish the other.

Then the two wildcats separated. Staring at each other icily, they again attacked. This time, however, Cynara was too anxious. Denise coldly waited and trapped the champion in a bear-hug.

With all her considerable might, Denise pressed her opponent towards her and lifted the struggling blonde off her feet. Placing her hands against Denise's shoulder, Cynara almost bent herself in half trying to push away. Despite this, she could not get free. Her exhausted body hung helplessly in the air.

Then, in a last act of desperation, she sunk her teeth into Denise's left breast! The brunette screamed in agony but refused to release her tormentor and captive. Still, Cynara kept her teeth in the breast until Denise had to drop the hold.

Denise, still dazed from pain, could not prevent Cynara from winning the third and final fall. Cynara had retained her championship in the most magnificent struggle all present had ever witnessed!

After it was all over, the two girls realized, perhaps for the first time, that they were in fact *naked!* Modestly, they covered themselves and retreated to the bedrooms.

Happily, slowly, the men filed out. □

*pinned by Gail's power (below)!*

of the shareholders arranged a match with a girl named Gail, a renowned spitfire in apartment house wrestling. The curly-haired brunette had a reputation for cruelty. The artist hesitated to allow Salome to meet this notorious woman. But Salome, her face cold with determination, insisted on the battle.

"I'll humiliate Gail," she declared at the time, "and earn my reputation. When I batter her into oblivion, my name will be famous throughout the sport. And I want Cynara to know and fear me when our time comes. In one night, I'll become a girl to feared!"

As she spoke, Salome's eyes became hard with hatred. Unknown to Gail, she had just gained a bitter

# APARTMENT HOUSE

(Continued from Page 43)

*Salome loses a test of strength (above) and is twisted to the carpet. Stunned, she is almost pinned by Gail's power (below).*

wants. Salome still betrayed n emotion, showing she, too, usually gets what she wants. And she wants to become champion.

"Todd didn't find me," Salome admitted later, "and this wasn't his idea. I found him and suggested the entire scheme. Ever since reading in SPORTS REVIEW WRESTLING about apartment house wrestling, I've wanted to be the champ, the top girl in this exclusive sport. I could taste the glamor from reading those stories—and I want it all!"

Two weeks after the meeting, one of the shareholders arranged a match with a girl named Gail, a renowned spitfire in apartment house wrestling. The curly-haired brunette had a reputation for cruelty. The artist hesitated to allow Salome to meet this notorious woman. But Salome, her face cold with determination, insisted on the battle.

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As she spoke, Salome's eyes became hard with hatred. Unknown to Gail, she had just gained a bitter and vengeful enemy. For Salome knew that Gail stood proudly in the way of everything this extraordinary woman desired.

Gail, of course, had heard of Salome's strange deal and, along with most other apartment house wrestling participants, resented this woman's favored place in their exclusive society. Most of the women hoped Gail would thoroughly overwhelm Salome and

*Above: Gail's long, lithe leg smashes into Salome's groin! Right: Salome leaps on Gail's back and digs her nails into her victim's flesh. Below: Salome has her foe helpless!*

drive her from the sport.

"I don't like anything about her," Gail said angrily, "nor do I like what she's doing. I can understand the men doing something like this, but a woman who really cares about what we're doing wouldn't want to be in her situation. I despise everything about her!"

Salome had heard of the other girls' complaints. To each she laughed—harshly. And she continued to train with intensity for her matches, first with Gail and then with Cynara. The hope of someday grappling against Cynara drove her on, punishing her beautiful, lush body in a brutal training regimen.

The night of the match against Gail, Salome looked magnificent. Her body, taut and supple, exuded power and ferocity. Her confident swagger made most of the spectators gape in awe.

Only Gail seemed disdainful of her opponent's appearance. The tall, powerful woman looked down upon her foe with loathing. Gail didn't swagger. She moved into the room like a rattlesnake preparing to strike. Her eyes, large and beautiful, flashed her dangerous intentions.

The girls could barely wait for the official signal to begin. When it was given, these two hellcats sprang at each other, murder in their hearts. They couldn't just win—each girl had to devastate her opponent. Only total victory could be tolerated.

Scratching, clawing, gouging, biting, the beautiful women rolled upon the carpet, trying to end the match quickly. With a burst of power, Salome threw her foe back and Gail's head slammed against the wall. The lush, stunned grappler staggered for a moment, allowing Salome to smash a fist deep into the

*(Continued on page 64)*

*Above: Gail's long, lithe leg smashes into Salome's groin! Right: Salome leaps on Gail's back and digs her nails into her victim's flesh. Below: Salome has her foe helpless!*

# APARTMENT HOUSE

(Continued from Page 63)

*Above: Salome kicks at Gail's thigh trying to deck her voluptuous opponent. Below: Salome reigns terrific punches on Gail's legs and mid-section!*

*Above: Gail tries to tear the muscles in Salome's long and lithe leg to cripple the long tressed wrestler for months!*

*Above: Gail tries to throw her foe to the carpet by grabbing her panty. Below: The two magnificent girls trade blows!*

groggy brunette's belly. As the air rushed out of Gail, Salome grabbed her arm and threw the helpless girl to the carpet.

Salome was on her with flashing swiftness and the first fall was over. The pampered contender sneered at her fallen victim as she allowed the defeated brunette to rise to her feet.

Gail's eyes flashed as she slowly rose to her feet. When the next fall began, it was her determination which made this beautiful battler take charge immediately. Salome tried to establish some control of the action, but Gail's savage fists and feet made it impossible. Gail finally grabbed Salome in a bearhug, crushing the tall beauty in her powerful arms. With a disdainful grunt, Gail threw her victim to the carpet. Within seconds, the match was tied.

But the third fall demonstrated how valuable Salome's training actually was. Exhausted from her second fall attack, Gail couldn't hope to repeat her magnificence. Salome, now wary of her opponent took her time in this last fall, though the outcome was never really in doubt.

The two girls must have grappled across the penthouse apartment for about 15 minutes. Like a jungle cat toying with its wounded prey, the long-haired Salome attempted to

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fall.

Yet Gail would not be humiliat
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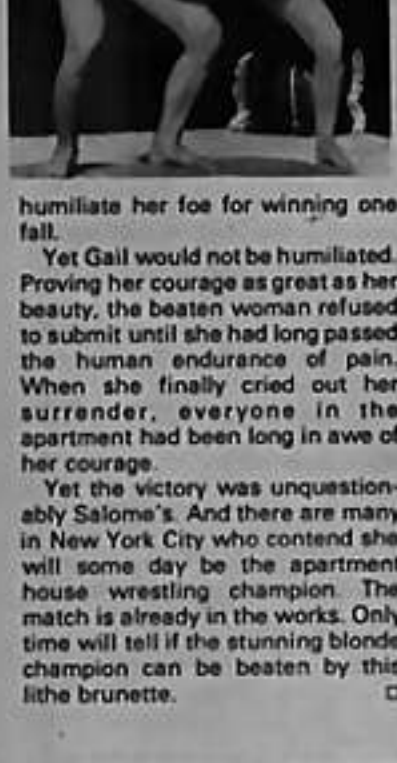

humiliate her foe for winning one fall.

Yet Gail would not be humiliated. Proving her courage as great as her beauty, the beaten woman refused to submit until she had long passed the human endurance of pain. When she finally cried out her surrender, everyone in the apartment had been long in awe of her courage.

Yet the victory was unquestionably Salome's. And there are many in New York City who contend she will some day be the apartment house wrestling champion. The match is already in the works. Only time will tell if the stunning blonde champion can be beaten by this lithe brunette. □